A Funeral-Oration UPON FAVORITE, *My Lady* * * * Lap-Dog.

By a Perſon of Quality.

Immodicis brevis eſt ætas, & rara Senectus.
Mart.

Durum; ſed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.
Horat.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1699.

Epiſtle Dedicatory

TO

URANIA.

IT is your Command, Madam, that I ſhould make public the enſuing Oration on *Favorite*, and your Commands can be no more reſiſted than your Eyes. But beſides, that it is not in the power of your Slave to diſobey you, I can pay no leſs a Tribute to the *Manes* of our deceas'd Brother in ſervitude, than to give this public Teſtimony of the reſpect I have for his Virtues.

Other Lovers not ſo diſintereſſed as my ſelf, might perhaps triumph at the death of ſo conſiderable a Rival as was *Favorite*. But I, Madam, who take ſhare in all your Afflictions, am ſo far from rejoicing at it, and erecting a Trophy on his untimely Deſtiny,

that I profeſs all the Conſolation I can fetch from Philoſophy, from the *Lyceum*, the *Porticus*, or the *Tuſculanum*, is not able to ſupport me under the deep ſenſe I have of your unſpeakable Loſs.

Nor can we condemn, or think unwarrantable your Grief. Were not the World ſufficiently acquainted with the deſerts of *Favorite*, yet even thoſe who were altogether ſtrangers to his good Qualities wou'd deduce a reaſonable conſequence, that there was ſomething moſt emphatically, moſt conſpicuouſly ſhining in him, which ſhould prefer him to *Urania*'s favour. For certainly a Woman of your Diſcernment, a Woman ſo nice a Judge, and ſo bountiful a Rewarder of Merit, whether in Man or Brute, cou'd never beſtow ſo plentiful a portion of your Kindneſs on a Dogg, whoſe Endowment did not give him a title to it. In fine, you fed, you cheriſhed, you careſs'd him. By your Favour you rais'd him more above the Animals of his own Species, than Animals themſelves are exalted above the inferior Vegetables.

'Tis

we ſhould find the ſcatter'd Perfections of Womankind collected in your ſelf.

Other Ladies, if they have their Graces have their Defects withal. *Angelica* talks away the merit of her Face, and what ſhe gains by her Eyes, ſhe loſes by her Tongue. *Horatia* overwhelms us by the ſplendor, and leads us Captives by the Arts of her Dreſs, who were ſhe to be ſeen in *diſhabillee* in the *ruelle*, would ſigh to ſee her ſelf no longer the Object of Adoration. *Melaniſſa* appears with advantage in the ſimplicity of an unartful Attire, who cannot ſuppreſs the pomp and Ornament of Dreſs. *Sempronia* treads on every Heart when ſhe Dances, but gains no Triumph when ſhe Sings. *Belinda* charms us with her Voice, but is diſagreeable at a Ball. *Oriana*, with her melancholy Air, gives us ſad Cauſe of Melancholy, but excites our Laughter with her own. *Aurelia* has Wit, has Youth, has Beauty to fix the moſt roving Heart, but cannot fix her own. *Lindamira* wou'd make the moſt conſtant Lover in the Univerſe, but wants the Charms

Charms to make us ſo. *Æmilia* ſpeaks favourably of all the World, but gives all the World juſt occaſion not to ſpeak favourably of her. *Caſſandra*'s Innocence is above the Cenſure of others, but the Innocence of others cannot defend themſelves from the Cenſure of *Caſſandra*. But in you, Madam, we find united all the Advantages of the happieſt of your Sex, without any of their Defects. What the moſt celebrated Wit of this Age has ſaid, of the moſt celebrated Beauty of a neighbouring Kingdom, may with equal Juſtice be applied to you. One may be conſtant to you, with all the pleaſure of inconſtancy. We change every moment for your Graces, but are ſtill conſtant to your Perſon. But, Madam, as I ſhall not offer Incenſe to you that has been preſented at other Altars, ſo neither will I attempt your Compariſon with the moſt illuſtrious Beauties of the former, or preſent Ages. When ever we think or talk of you, Madam, the Diſpute is not with other, but with your ſelf, which Part, which Feature, which Poſture is moſt agreeable; whether

you

'Tis true, he created ſome private Jealouſies, ſome Diſcontents in the Breaſts of your Admirers: But to do publick juſtice to his aſhes, I muſt ſay that of *Favorite*, which cannot, without manifeſt injury to truth, be affirm'd of all the other Favorites of Princes, of the *Richelieus*, of the *Mazarins*, of the *Wolſeys*, of the *Buckinghams*, of the *Lerma's*, and of the *Olivares*, that in the Univerſal corruption of a moſt degenerate Age, he preſerv'd an unblemiſh'd, an inviolable Integrity to his Miſtriſs; that he did not give Intelligence to a Forreign Court, of the private Reſolutions of State that were taken in the Cabinet at home; that when Affairs of Importance called her Abroad, he did not ſtay behind her, nor ſleep inglorioufly upon the Couch; that he ſtood unmov'd, ſtood unſhaken, againſt all the Attacks of Bribes; that he did not cruſh calamitous Merit beneath him, nor ſupplant the Obſtacle in his way above him; that he never Smiled where he intended to ruine. In ſhort, that he deſpiſed the little Artifices of the Great, as the

Politick Nod, the ſlaviſh Cringe, the deceitful Bow, the betraying Hugg, and the murdering Whiſper.

But I will enlarge no farther on his Praiſes, ſince I am ſenſible that by my want of Ability he has ſuffer'd too much already in the enſuing Oration. Expect not then that after I have injur'd your Dog, I ſhould be ſo hardy as to attempt your Panegyric, that is, to injure you. For, Madam, ſhould I employ all the Tragical forces of Rhetorick, ſhould I laviſh all the magnificence of Expreſſion, and all the ſplendid pomp of Metephors, I ſhould fall infinitely ſhort of my Divine Argument. Eloquence here loſes its uſe, the gaudy Train of Tropes and Figures are but vain and empty Oſtentation. We cannot ſpeak Figuratively of you, we cannot ſpeak of you with exaggeration. You tranſcend all *Hyperboles*, your Merit riſes above the ſublimeſt flights of Fancy. I ſhall only ſay, that all Virtues unite to make a bright Conſtellation in you, and that if there were a general ſhipwrack of your Sex,

we

you charm us most when you Move or Sit, Stand or Walk; whether you throw the Lover down more with your hand, than you trample on him with your foot; whether is most powerful, the Eloquence of your Eyes, or that of your Tongue; whether is most delicate, your Tread in the Conduct of your Life, or that of your Gate: In short, whether your Thoughts are brighter than your Looks, and whether is most boundless your Fancy, or the Empire of your Beauty. Thus it is with you, Madam, as with Kings or Princes, whom we dare not bring in competition with their Inferiours, but measure them by themselves, and compare one part of their Life by the other.

Thus, Madam, by the common Fate of all Dedicators I have suffer'd my self to be carried into the stream of Panegyric, even after I had protested against it; but I shall prosecute this Argument no farther, which I am not able to sustain; the dreadful fate of *Salmoneus* ought to deterr me, who died by the Bolts he endeavour'd to imitate. By observing this conduct, I shall not only con-

sult my own Reputation, but the Interest too and Repose of Mankind: For should I persist to draw your fair Picture, should I descend into the detail of your innumerable Excellencies and Perfections, there would fall ten thousand Victims at your Feet, and this *Epistle Dedicatory* might prove perhaps, in some sense, a *Funeral Oration* on the Reader.

I see, Madam, your Breast is capable of tender Impressions. You can be mov'd at the Fate of *Favorite*, (no wonder he out-ran Us in your Affection, since four Legs will always be too many for two) take pitty then of his Orator. You can weep to see him dead; pay then a Tear to the Funerals of the Man, whom your self, whom your own bright *Eyes* have slain.

THE

THE PREFACE.

By a Friend of the Author.

METhinks I see some Surly Morose Criticks, who mistake their dullness for Gravity, and their Spleen for Religion, look down with a haughty Solemn Air upon the following Performance, and thus vent their pious Choler against it.

A Funeral Oration upon a Ladies Lap-Dog! why, What can the meaning of that be? How comes Panegyric, which ought only to be paid to the memory of the most Eminent Men, and the most virtuous Matrons, in short, to nothing below a Lord Mayor or Alderman, to be squander'd away upon a Contemptible Brute? What has this Dog done in his Life-time, to deserve such an uncommon Tribute after his Death? Has he built any Hospitals to provide for Beggars of his own making? Has he founded any Lectures to Preach down Socinianism, or left a brace of Thousand Pounds to the blew-Coat Infantry? When living, did he encourage the Woollen Manufacture, or the Royal Fishery? Did he appear Vigorously for Liberty and Property, or Bark against a Standing Army? If nothing of this is to be found in his History, how comes he to be remember'd in so extraordinary a manner?

To this I reply, that if our Author was so complaisant as to obey the Commands of a fair Lady, or if he had a Mind to ridicule the rumbling bumbast, and vile prostitution

tution of the Modern Eloquence; or laſtly, if he was reſolved to ſhow his Wit upon a trivial Subject, what is that to any Body, or where is the harm on't. If the latter is a Sin, ſeveral Learned Authors, whoſe Books he does not think himſelf Worthy to carry, have been guilty of it before him. Melanchon, *one of the firſt Reformers, Writ an Encomium upon an* Ant. Lipſius, *the famous Commentator upon* Tacitus, *Celebrated an* Elephant. Cardan, *one of the greateſt Philoſophers of the laſt Age, the* Gout, *as did likewiſe that great* German *Wit,* Bilibaldus Pirkheimerus. Dan. Heinſius *ſhow'd his parts upon a* Louſe; Cælius Calcagninus *upon a* Flea; Johannes Paſſeratius *upon an* Aſs; Conradus Goddeus *upon an* Owl; Franc. Scribanius *upon a* Fly; Janus Douſa *upon a* Shadow; Martinus Schoockius *upon* Deafneſs; Guil. Menapius *upon a* Quartan Ague; Jac. Gutherius *upon* Blindneſs; M. Ant. Majoragius *upon* Dirt; Arthur Jonſton *upon an* Old Man; *and laſtly,* Caſpar Barlæus *upon an* Ens Rationis. *Were I minded to ſhow my great Reading upon this occaſion, I cou'd cite an infinite number of the like examples, as* Syneſius *a Primitive Biſhop, who Writ an Oration in praiſe of* Baldneſs; *but theſe are more than ſufficient. However, now my hand is in, I cannot forbear to tell my Reader, that St.* Jerome *mentions the laſt Will and Teſtament of a* Hogg, *under the name* Marcus Grunnius Corocotta, Tom. 3. adv. Ruffin. *and* Tom. 5. ad Euſtochium; *ſo 'tis a plain caſe now, I hope, that the Ancients, as well as the Moderns, have condeſcended to adorn mean Subjects; and if any diſcourteous Critic has a mind to oppoſe ſuch a numerous body, I give him leave under my hand to do it.*

A Funeral-Oration UPON FAVORITE, *My Lady* * * * Lap-Dog.

I Am commanded, Gentlemen, to do a Thing to day without a *Preſident:* For I believe I am the firſt *Orator* who ever yet undertook to ſpeak the Funeral-Oration of a *Dog*. But if *Catullus* cou'd write an Elegy upon *Lesbia*'s *Sparraw*; if *Alexander* cou'd build and dedicate a *Town* to the Memory of his *Horſe*; can you think it ſtrange that *Urania*, no leſs

Illuſtrious by her *Beauty*, than that Monarch was by his *Atchievments*; and who has gain'd as wide an Empire by her *Eyes*, as he did by his Arms: I ſay, if *Urania* is willing to celebrate the Funerals of the *Dog* ſhe lov'd ſo dearly?

Beſides, As *Favorite* eminently excell'd all other *Dogs* during his *Life*, ſo it is but reaſonable we ſhou'd diſtinguiſh him at *Death*. But tho' both for the ſake of *Urania*, and upon the ſcore of his own admirable *Qualities*, he deſerves to be conſider'd with a *Funeral-Oration*; yet, of all Men, certainly am I the moſt *unqualify'd* for ſuch an Employment: For, not to inſiſt that my Talent in Oratory is but ſlender, *Urania*'s Cruelty has reduc'd me to a Condition little better than *Favorite*'s. Yes, *Urania*; your Unkindneſs has had the ſame ſad Effect upon me, that Fate has had upon him; and I am preſent at my own *Funerals*, as well as thoſe of your Dog. But it is your *Command*, Madam, that I enter on this Office; and your Eyes have not left me the Liberty to *diſobey* you. Behold then the *Dead*, making the Oration of the *Dead*; an unhappy *Man*, of a happy *Dog*; the Object of your *Scorn*, of the Object of your *Love*.

Wherefore, Gentlemen, I demand your *Attention*, I demand your *Sorrows*: For, Who will not afford both their Attention, and their Sorrows to *Urania*'s Misfortune? Are not her *Misfortunes* ours, and are we not intereſſed in her *Afflictions*? Is ſhe mov'd with any *Paſſion*, wherewith we are not likewiſe affected? But beſides that, our *Grief* is a Tribute we owe to *Urania*, and which it is not in our *power* to refuſe her, *Favorite* himſelf, and his *Vertues*, require from us, that we ſhould drop a *Tear* upon his Grave: For, undoubtedly, never was *Dog* poſſeſs'd of ſo many *excellent* Qualities; never was *Dog* ſo belov'd *living*, or regretted *dead*. To give you

you a due Senſe of our *Loſs*, and that you may apprehend how juſt, how warrantable our *Sorrows* are, I ſhall ſet before you the *Vertues* and *Endowments* of this *excellent* Creature: And here ſhou'd I re-count at large his good *Qualities*, ſhou'd I enumerate diſtinctly his ſeveral *Excellencies*, I ſhou'd ſooner exhauſt your *Patience*, than my *Argument*. Let it ſuffice to touch lightly and curſorily on thoſe which were moſt *conſpicuous* and *ſhining* in him.

Before I launch out into the immenſe *Ocean* of the *Argument* before me, I might, after the uſual and laudable Example of all the celebrated *Panegyriſts*, both of Antient and Modern Times, reckon up a long and illuſtrious *Catalogue* of his Heroick *Progenitors*. I might tell you, how, by the *Mother*, he claims Kindred with all the Courts of *Europe*; there being hardly a Queen, or Princeſs. or Lady of Quality, throughout *Chriſtendom*, in whoſe *Lap* there does not *lie* ſome one or other of *Favorite*'s great Relations. I might tell you, how, by the *Father*, he is ally'd to Heaven, and to the Stars: How the *Celeſtial Dog* beholding from above beautiful *Fanny*, (for *Favorite*'s Mother condeſcended to *dignifie* that Name,) ſporting her ſelf in *Urania*'s Garden, ſtruck with the Almighty Dart of *Love*, and deſirous to *poſſeſs* her, like *Jove* of old quitted his bright *Abode*, and deſcending like a Star-ſhoot upon Earth, *compreſs'd* the lovely *Nymph* in a Bed of Roſes, and begot our *Hero*. Behold the Extraction of *Favorite*! Such was the Race of *Hercules*, of *Achilles*, of *Æneas*; half *Mortal*, half *Divine*. But I ſhall inſiſt no longer on his Pedigree.

Nam genus, & proavos, & quæ non fecimus ipſi
Vix ea noſtra voco——

Great

Great *Deſcent*, as it adorns true *Merit* where it finds it, ſo where it finds it not, it does not create it. *Favorite* relies only on his own *Deſerts* for his Fame: *Favorite* reflects back as much *Luſtre* on his Noble *Anceſtors*, as he can derive from them. But let us return from whence we have *digreſs'd*, and come to his own *Perſonal* Vertues.

Firſt then, Was ever any thing ſo *beautiful*? Nothing, certainly, was ſeen ſo exquiſitely *form'd*. What Star more lovely than his *Forehead*? What Snow more white than his *Feet*? What more delicately turn'd than his *Ears*? What more curiouſly poliſh'd than his *Neck*? No Arrow of *Cupid*'s rounder than his *Tail*: No Dove of *Venus*'s ſmoother and ſofter than his *Back*. Aſſuredly, the *Goddeſs* of *Beauty* her ſelf, were ſhe to appear in the Form of a Four-footed *Animal*, wou'd aſſume no other Shape than *Favorite*'s.

Again, Was there ever any thing ſo *well-manner'd*? For the purpoſe, If at any time any *Ladies* of Condition and Quality came to pay their Reſpects and Devoirs to *Urania*, he was never obſerv'd, like other ill-manner'd Dogs, to run with *open* Mouth to the Door, and receive them with the *clamorous* Salute of his Voice; but entertain them with a reſpectful *Silence*, and introduce them with *Civility* unto his Miſtriſs, nor, during the whole Viſit, as is alſo the *wont* of the reſt of Dogs, *thruſt* himſelf in a rude and troubleſome manner into their Laps, *diſordering* their Dreſs, and with dirty Feet *incommoding* their Linnen; but, like a *well-bred* Creature, ſit at a *due* Diſtance, and *ſilently* wait the Call of the Ladies.

A Third

A Third remarkable Quality was, his *Cleanlineſs*. And truly ſo *clean* did he conſtantly appear, with a Body ſo white, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſleek, that one wou'd ſay *Venus* her ſelf had comb'd him, that all the *Cupids* had unanimouſly waſh'd him, and that all the *Graces* had elaborately and exquiſitely wip'd him. And ſo *careful* and *ſollicitous* was he to preſerve himſelf ſo, that he avoided all Commerce with the *Stables* or *Kitchin*, leſt he ſhould contract a *Filth* thereby; confining his *Converſation* altogether to the *Chamber* or the *Parlour*, to the *Bed* or the *Couch*. Nor wou'd he ever, without manifeſt Shew of *Regret*, commit himſelf to the Arms of a *Foot-man*, or common *Servant*, as apprehending a *Stain* from their Embraces, and *Pollution* from their very Touch. In like manner, whenever Nature importun'd him, he wou'd *privately* withdraw from the Company, into ſome *ſolitary* Retirement, and there *obey* her Laws: Or if ſhe call'd upon him at a Time more *unſeaſonable*, when he was either in the *Arms* or *Lap* of a Lady, he wou'd ſignifie with his *Foot*, or by ſome certain *Tone* of his Voice, the *Neceſſity* that preſs'd him, and *admoniſh* her to ſet him down.

'Twou'd be endleſs a farther Enumeration of his *Vertues*. I ſhall only mention one *Quality* more, which crowns and conſummates all; that is to ſay, his unparallell'd *Affection* to his Miſtriſs. I ſay, *Unparallell'd*; for I believe, upon all the Records of *Story*, there is not to be found an Inſtance of ſo unexampl'd and ſingular a *Love* in Dog: And, as on the one hand I may boldly affirm, that never had Dog ſo *kind* a Miſtriſs; ſo on the other, I may with Truth averr, that never had Miſtriſs ſo *affectionate* a Dog. *Urania*'s Soul and Body were not more *ſtraitly* united, than were *She* and her *Dog*; and as ſoon might ſhe have been *ſeparated* from

her ſelf, as from *him*: Whereſoever ſhe *went*, he was ſtill her *Companion*; not her own *Thoughts* were more conſtantly with her: He wou'd accompany her in her *private* and in her *publick* Walks; he wou'd attend her in the *Park*, in the *Play-houſe*, at *Balls*, at the *Court*, and in her *Viſits*; he wou'd follow her to her *Chamber*, to her *Cloſet*, to her *Bed*; he wou'd invade her very *Retreats* and *Solitudes*, intrude upon her *Meditations* and *Devotions*, and not permit her to be *alone*, even with her *God*.

But that wherein he moſt *manifeſtly* and *ſignally* teſtify'd his *Love* to his Miſtriſs, was, his *conſtant* Attendance and Preſence in the Time of her late *Illneſs*: For, during the whole Courſe of her *Sickneſs*, from the firſt Moment the Violence of her *Indiſpoſition* confin'd her to her Bed, *Favorite* was not known to be *abſent* from her one Minute; but placing himſelf at the Top of her *Pillow*, continu'd there to *abide* and *watch* by her whole Nights and Days, without Intermiſſion: Nor cou'd he ever, by *Force* or *Flattery*, be prevail'd upon to *quit* his Seat, before ſuch time as *Urania* was perfectly reſtor'd to her good Condition of *Health*.

No Wonder then if a Dog thus excellently endow'd, and ſingularly qualify'd, was both admir'd and lov'd, was favour'd and careſs'd by all that had the leaſt Acquaintance with his Merits. Upon the Score of theſe rare Qualities and Vertues, if any Dog, aſſuredly *Favorite* deſerv'd to be immortal. But, alas! every thing beneath the Sun muſt terminate, and have an End. After that *Favorite* had been deſervedly the Joy and Delight of the Ladies, and that he had arriv'd to the higheſt Pitch of Happineſs attainable here below, that is to ſay, had acquir'd particularly the Favour and Love of *Urania*, behold, unexpectedly is he taken from us!

Nunc

Nunc it per iter tenebricoſum,
Illuc unde negant redire quenquam.
At vobis malè ſit malæ tenebræ
Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis.

Who can here forbear to grieve, forbear to lament? Who wou'd not here abundantly weep, abundantly ſigh? What Heart ſo inſenſible, but wou'd relent and melt? What Breaſt ſo barbarous, but wou'd feel Sentiments of Sorrow?

Lugete ô Veneres, Cupidinéſque.

Weep Ladies, weep Gentlemen, weep; *Favorite* is dead; *Urania's* beloved Dog is dead.

Poor *Favorite!* How art thou chang'd from what thou waſt but yeſterday? What a Revolution has one Day made? Thou, whom but four and twenty Hours ago the Sun beheld in *Urania's* lovely Lap; behold, now ſhortly the cold Earth will contain thee. Thou, whom ſhe bore about in her tender Arms; behold, now the rough Embraces of Death do fold thee. Thou, who waſt then thy Miſtriſs's Joy, art now her Grief. Thou, who waſt then our Envy, art now our Pity. Laſtly, Thou, who waſt then ſo viſibly diſtinguiſh'd from all other Dogs, art now confounded with the meaneſt.

No more now wilt thou entertain *Urania* as thou waſt wont, with wanton Play: No more now wilt thou divert her with a Thouſand Sportive Tricks: No more wilt thou be her beloved Companion in her Chamber, in her Parlour, in her Garden, in her Coach, in her Walks, at her Table, and on her Couch. Alas! Where is now that Beauty, which render'd thee the Admiration of all that beheld thee? Where thoſe innumerable Graces, by which thou didſt tranſcendently ſurpaſs the reſt of Dogs, and which created

created thee the Love of the Ladies, and the Envy of the Men? So far art thou from being that admir'd, that beautiful Thing, which once thou wert, that we are making all the haſte we can to remove thee out of our ſight, as an Object that offends us, as a Spectacle our Eyes are not able to ſupport without Averſion and Pain.

Lugete & Veneres, Cupidinéſque.

Weep Ladies, weep Gentlemen, weep; *Favorite* is dead; *Urania*'s beloved Dog is dead.

Who can here forbear complaining of the Rigour of Fate? Who wou'd not be almoſt tempted to expoſtulate in theſe Terms with Heaven? Why are the moſt excellent Things ſtill the moſt periſhable? Why was the Flower ſo fair, and yet ſo fading? Why is what we eſteem moſt, ſnatch'd from us ſooneſt? Why had not Fate beſtow'd fewer Vertues on *Favorite*, or given a larger Extent to his Life? But, vain are theſe Expoſtulations: Heaven is inexorable, and will not reſtore him to us; he is irrecoverably, he is for ever gone. Diſhevel your Hair, Ladies, and tear your Garments: Disfigure your Faces, Gentlemen, and knock your Breaſts. Let us grieve; let us lament?

But what do I madly do? Why do I endeavour to move your Tears, which but flow of themſelves too faſt? Why do I attempt to raiſe your Grief, which rather wants reſtraint than incitement. Alas! we have Lamented enough: Let us rather ſeek how to diminiſh, than augment our Sorrow; we need comfort, we need Conſolation. Let theſe following Conſiderations, then mitigate our Grief.

Firſt, We wou'd do well to conſider, That to dye, is to pay a common Debt to Nature, and is a neceſſity, to which the greateſt and beſt Men have ſubmitted. Of all theſe infinite numbers of Men: Of all theſe prodigious

ſwarms

ſwarms of Animals that fill the Globe ; is there one ſin gle Perſon or Creature, who is exempted from this Lamentable Law ? Nay, do not the moſt inanimate, the moſt inſenſible things arrive at the ſame end, and ſuffer the ſame Deſtiny with us ? Do not the moſt durable Walls, the ſtrongeſt Fortifications decay ? The Sun, which is daily a Spectator of ſo many Funerals both of Men and of Beaſts, is it not it ſelf periſhable ? The Earth, which is the common Grave of every living Creature, will it not find it ſelf a Sepulchre in the Univerſal Ruin? The Heavens, the Stars, the Elements, the whole Maſs of the Univerſe, will it not ſooner, or later, ſuffer Diſſolution ? Nay, what is yet more lamentable, what is yet more deplorable, that which is fairer than the Heavens, that which is brighter than either Sun, or Stars, the nobleſt production, the moſt exquiſite Compoſition of Nature, *Urania* her ſelf, will ſhe not one day die, and can we then demand with juſtice that *Favorite* ſhould be Immortal ?

Next, let us remember that our Grief may be hurtful to our ſelves, but cannot be any real Benefit to *Favorite*. Cou'd our Lamentations indeed call him back to life, cou'd our Sighs inſpire new Breath into him, or our Tears water the lovely Flower 'till it revived, our Sorrows then were warrantable ; but, alaſs ! fruitleſs are our Sighs, unprofitable our Tears.

Laſtly, let us comfort our ſelves with this Aſſurance, that *Favorite*, whatſoever his Condition be, is not unhappy. For if, as moſt Philoſophers hold, the Souls of Brutes periſh, and are intirely extinguiſh'd with the Body, not exiſting after death, as he is not capable of Happineſs, ſo neither is he of Miſery. But if that other Opinion be true, that the Souls of Brutes, as well as Men, do not dye, but only change their Habitation, and paſs by way of Tranſmigration from out of one Body into another, *Favorite* may enter once more upon the ſtage of Life,

and he that now parts from *Urania* a Dog, may perchance return to her again a Squirrel, or Sparrow; or it may be a Lover.

Since then he is partaker of a common Lot, ſince our Tears can neither profit him nor our ſelves, and ſince we are perſwaded he is not unhappy, let us omit an unjuſtifiable and unneceſſary Sorrow.

Favorite himſelf, cou'd he ſpeak, wou'd certainly bid us ceaſe our Lamentations, and give over our needleſs Complaints, expreſſing himſelf after this manner.

Mourn not for me; for, to what purpoſe is it to mourn? Has not my Orator already told you, that your Tears are idely and unprofitably ſpent; that they cannot avail to reſtore me again to Life; and why then this weeping? Why theſe Complaints? Why theſe ſad Sighs? Do not diſquiet your ſelves in vain. Do not give your ſelves anxieties which are not needful; But as for you, my beautiful Miſtriſs, it is your Intereſt more eſpecially to be ſedate, unleſs you deſign to revenge the Men's Quarrel on your own fair Face, and ruin that Beauty, which has ruin'd them. For what have thoſe lovely Cheeks, done that you ſhou'd endeavour, by exceſs of Grief, to robb them of thoſe Graces which ſubdue all Hearts? How have thoſe bright Eyes offended you, that thus you go about, by immoderate weeping, to deprive them of that Luſtre by which they kill? Are you reſolv'd to make my Grave your Beauty's Sepulcher? Alaſs! I am not worthy of the leaſt of your Thoughts, much leſs your Tears, which are Gemms too bright, too ineſtimable to be thrown away ſo lightly. But if you ſhall ſtill retain any kindneſs for a Dog that has ſerv'd you faithfully, demonſtrate it a-

nother

nother way than by your Tears. Transfer your Love as a Legacy I bequeath from my ſelf to my Orator, from the Dead to the Dead, but yet from one you cannot recover, to one whom you can.

I ſay the Dog himſelf, had he a Voice, wou'd expreſs himſelf in the manner I have repreſented.

What remains then, but that we bring at once our grief and our Diſcourſe to a Period? Let us perform our laſt Office to *Favorite*. Let us commit his Body to the Duſt, andſo depart.

On *Favorite*, when alive, in Imitation of the 9th Ode of *Anacreon*.

Εἰς Περιστεάν

TEll me, whoſe pretty Dog are you?
Whence do you come, and whither go?
Urania *is my Lady's Name,*
To her I go, from her I came:
O're ev'ry Heart the Maid does Reign,
And Men are proud to drag her Chain.
At her bright Feet they bleeding lie,
For her they Sigh, for her they die,
Then uſe me tenderly, for know,
Her Eyes will ſure return the blow.
She calls me Favorite, *and loves*
Me more than Venus *does her Doves.*
What wou'd you give Alaſs! to be
Urania's Favorite like me?
Where e're my Miſtreſs does repair,
I and the Graces follow her.
Sometimes with her in Coach I ride,
Young Cupids *runing by our ſide.*

Some-

Sometimes ſhe Walks with Noble gate,
Whilſt I, and Ruine *on her wait.*
Till kindly favouring my Feet,
She makes her own bright Arms my Seat.
What wou'd you give, Alaſs! to be
Urania's Favorite like me?
With her at Table do I Eat,
And take my Dinner from her Plate.
Or ſtanding at her Chair am fed,
Receiving from her hand the Bread.
What wou'd you give, Alaſs! to be
Urania's Favorite like me?
Me on her lovely Lap ſhe lays,
With me ſhe Sports, with me ſhe plays.
Sometimes her boſom's Snow I beat,
With Sportive motion of my Feet:
Sometimes her Mouth I Kiſs, and Sip
The Nectar from her Roſy Lip.
What wou'd you give, Alaſs! to be
Urania's Favorite like me.
At Night I follow her to Bed,
And on her Boſom lean my Head.
The little God of Love, and I
Together on one Pillow lie.
The Dog which in the Heav'ns appears,
And Shines among the glorious Stars,
I Envy not, while here I reſt,
For there is Heaven in her Breaſt.
What wou'd you give, Alaſs! to be
Urania's Favorite like me.
But it is time that I were gone,
I've told my tale, and ſo have done.
Poor Man! you Sigh, Alaſs! I fear
Urania *then is too Severe.*
Farewell, and may my Miſtreſs be
To you as gentle, as to me.

AN

Heroic Elegy

Upon the DEFUNCT aforeſaid.

Out of the Author of Prince A——

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis——

NOW was the Eaſtern Sky-dy'd purple ſpread, page
For fair Aurora's *radiant Feet to tread:* 24.
And now *the beauteous Morn began to riſe* 244.
Streaking with roſy light the ſmiling Skies.
The Fulgent *Sun had with an early ray,*
Depo'sd the Shades, and Reinthron'd the Day.
When *in a Gloomy Cave, that nature made* } 14.
In a dark Rock, and cover'd with the ſhade
Of ſpreading Trees, that Day cou'd not Invade,
Penſive Urania *fill'd with Grief and dread,* 9.
And pale confuſion, droopt her lovely Head.
With rage dilated, and with Sorrow *blown,* 177.
Like glowing Ætna *on* Plinlimmon *thrown.*

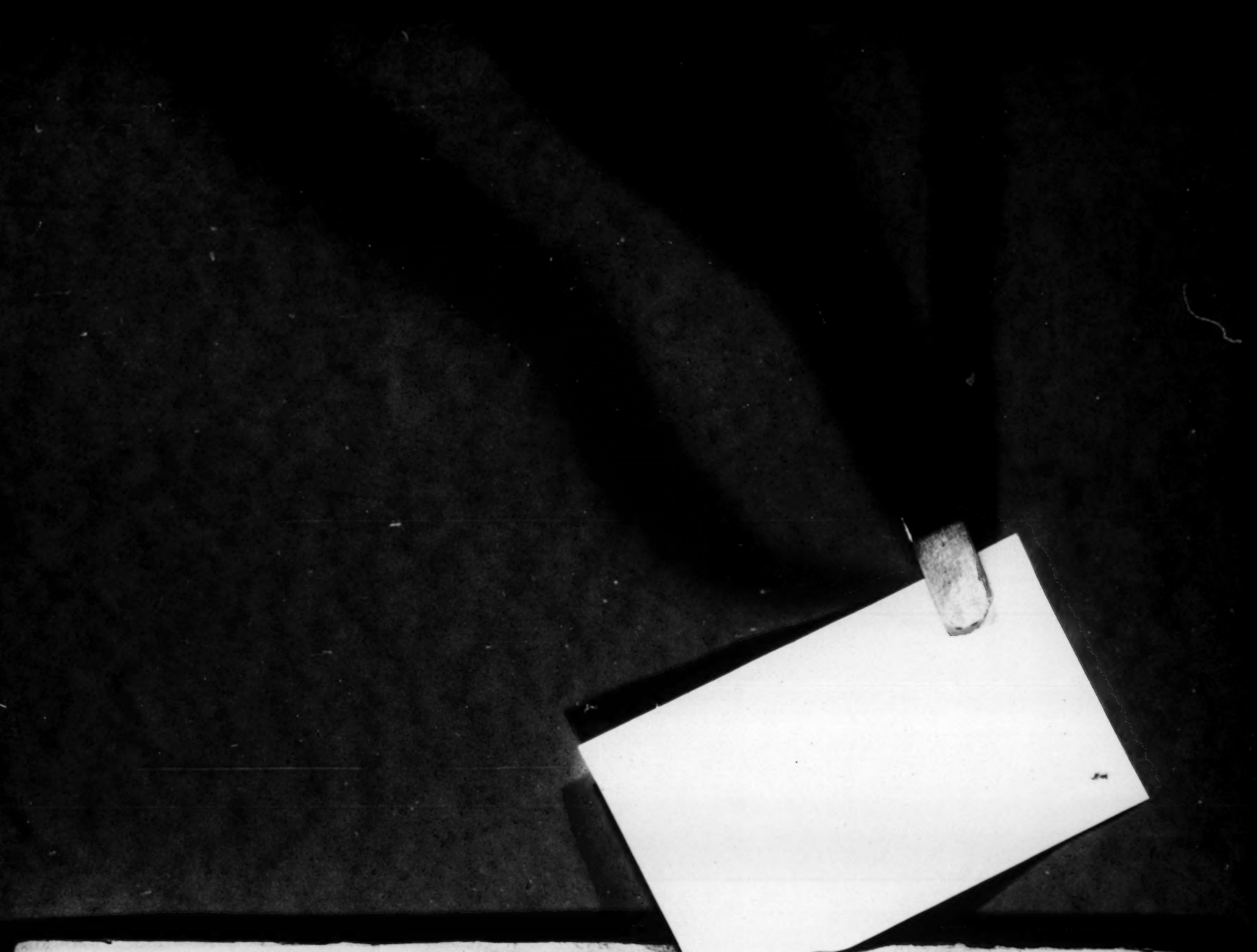
page *A Velvet Bonnet on her Head, and dreſt*
For lightneſs in a thin Embroider'd Veſt.
240. *Wild with her grief, diſtracted with diſpair,*
She Strikes her throbbing Breaſt, tears off her Hair,
And with her Piercing Screams diſturbs the Air.
251. *When the fierce Tempeſt had its fury broke,*
With a deep Sigh the Sad Urania *ſpoke.*
Oh my dear Dog, *how mild had been my doom,*
Hadſt thou eſcap'd, I ſuffer'd in thy room.
Oh that to ſee this fatal hour I live,
And thee, and all that's dear in Life Survive.
Such on the Ground the fading Roſe we ſee,
By ſome rude blaſt torn from the Parent Tree.
But ſure I ſhall not long thy abſence Mourn,
I'le haſt to thee, thou'lt not to me return.
My ill preſaging Dreams are brought to bed,
I ſtarted in my Sleep, and cry'd my Dog *is dead.*
11. *O righteous Heav'n why haſt thou rang'd this day,*
Againſt me all thy Judgments in array!
On me let all thy Fiery Darts be ſpent,
Let not my Crime involve the Innocent.
And cruel Death,
20. Sure Thou waſt *Nurs'd on th' horrid* Alps *high tops,*
And feedſt thy Hunger with Cerberean Sops.
42. *Hard marble Rocks might with more eaſe relent,*
And fire and plague learn ſooner to repent.
12. Ceaſe *heav'nly Viols,* ceaſe *harmonious Flutes,*
Reſounding Dulcimers, and tuneful Lutes.
9. May *dire Convulſions for a diſmal ſpace.*
Diſtort pale *nature, wreſting from its place,*
This Globe, ſet to the Sun's more oblique view,
And wrench the Poles ſome Leagues yet more askew.

14. *Thick*

page

Thick Thunderclaps and Lightnings livid glare 14.
Diſturb the Sky, and trouble all the Air.
Eclipſes, Comets, Meteors, Lightnings, Storms, 178.
Murders and Monſters of tremendous forms.
Fierce Alpine Allobrogs *with ſlaughter fed,* 159.
In ſnows, and everlaſting Winter bred.
Outrage, Diſtraction, Clamor, Tumult reign,
Since *Favorite*'s gone, and ne're will come again.
Why did not *Comets ſhake their fiery hair,* 65.
And trail their flaming Trains along the Air:
Why did not *Flakes of fire the World amaze,*
And intermixt prodigious Meteors blaze.
Impetuous roar oreturn Heavens loſty Towers,
And ſtarry fragments fall in burning ſhowers.
Conflicting Billows againſt Billows daſh, 219.
Thunder 'gainſt Thunder roar, Lightnings 'gainſt Light-
(nings flaſh.
Swords claſh with Swords, Bucklers on Bucklers bray, 228.
And thro' the World a horrid din convey.
All mingle Tears, your Cries together flow,
And form a hideous harmony of Woe.
Oh Fav'rite *worthy of a milder fate!* 220.
But Death's blind ſtrokes diſtinguiſh not the Great.
Scarce two full Golden-years are ſtol'n away, 240.
Which in Love's Calendar ſcarce make a Day,
When firſt *on thee my* circling *Arms I flung,*
And on thy Neck, o'rewhelm'd with Joy, *I hung,*
A velvet Cap did then *thy head equip,*
If my decay'd Remembrance does not trip.
Too dark th' Eternal's ways are, too profound 11.
For the moſt ſharp created Wit to ſound.
But ſure *thy loſs was not in* Anger *meant,* 12.
Heav'n is too juſt, and thou too Innocent.

page Thou cam'ſt *of the* Iſlandine *Noble Race,*
That right Deſcent from the ſwift Eurus *trace:*
165. *Of lofty Stature, and a graceful Air,*
Fear'd by the Males, *and favour'd by the Fair.*
16. Thy Hair *Celeſtial, finely ſpun and wove*
On Looms divine by all the skill above,
Bleach'd in th' empyreal Plains, till white as Snow,
Made the long Robe that to thy Feet did flow.
156. *Let me my Sorrow thus expreſs, 'tis true*
A fruitleſs Grief, but all that Love can do.
252. *Mean time we muſt this laſt kind Office pay,*
And Favo'rite's *Body to the Dome convey,*
Where his Illuſtrious Fathers lye Interr'd,
Who reign'd by Females lov'd, by others fear'd.
165. Painted and drawn *with great Magnificence,*
In laſting Oyl *bought at a vaſt expence.*
249. Once more Dear Dog, *farewel, till we above*
Meet in the bliſsful Realms of Light and Love.

F I N I S.

In the Epiſtle Dedicatory, Page 5. Line 13. *read* Support *inſtead of* Suppreſs.